

FAMILY RECORDS.

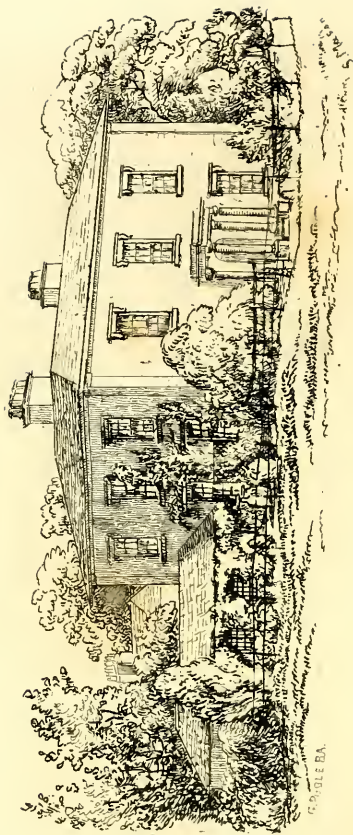
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MY FATHERS HOUSE

FAMILY RECORDS.



“Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!”

LONGFELLOW.



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1876.



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TO THE
GRANDCHILDREN AND GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN
OF THE LATE
JAMES TRUBSHAW, C.E.,
OF LITTLE HEYWOOD,
THIS BOOK OF FAMILY RECORDS IS DEDICATED
BY THEIR AFFECTIONATE AUNT
SUSANNA TRUBSHAW.

Little Heywood,
1876.

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FAMILY RECORDS.

IF any of the members of our family will take the trouble to look at the Ordnance Survey, a little to the North-East of Kids-grove and not far from Knypersley, they will find a place called Trubshaw: here originally stood a residence designated Trubshaw Hall, and until the last few years Trubshaw Ley for cattle was duly announced in our *Staffordshire Advertiser*. This district now converted into Collieries belonged to our ancestors, and here and in the neighbourhood they occupied an important position. In Ward's "History of the Borough of Stoke-upon-Trent," in speaking of Longton, he tells us—

"The upper part of the village where the roads to Tunstall and Burslem diverge was formerly called Trubshaw Cross, and an ancient stone cross stood there, of which the base or plinth yet remains, and is now placed at the foot of a handsome lamp-pillar, in a central position between the roads, still maintaining its former rude character." And he proceeds to state—"The Act of Parliament for making the present turnpike road (passed in 1762) describes the road from Tunstall to Newcastle as going by Trubshaw Cross, and the Tan House (Wolstanton) down Spark's Hollow, over a common field called The Brampton, to Newcastle; and another branch extending from Burslem to Trubshaw Cross afore-said. We conceive that Trubshaw was the most ancient name of this locality, though now forgotten, for we find Thomas de Trobe-shawe one of the jurors of Tunstall Court, Anno 27 Henry VI."

In 1396, 20th of Richard II., William Bowyer of Knipersley married Margaret daughter of Thomas Trubshawe, and the arms of Trubshawe are impaled with those of Bowyer on an old tomb in Biddulph Church,—their son married a daughter of Erdeswick of Sandon, and in Burke's "Landed Gentry," in speaking of the Standishes of Lancashire, mention is made of Henry Trubshagh, son of Richard Trubshagh, who was married at the church door of Wigan, 13th Edward I., Anno 1285, to Mabel Standish.

Now, at the time that our old friend Captain Fernyhough was employed in the British Museum to collect information respecting the pedigree of some of our Staffordshire families, my father received a letter from him, of which the following is a copy :

"February 2nd, 1837.

"My dear Sir,

"I have discovered in the British Museum, amongst the Harleian MSS. the pedigree of Lister, wherein I find Alice Trubshawe married the heir of that house, thereby her descendants are connected with Lord Ribblesdale, Lord Chief Justice Lister, and by marriage with the noble house of Russel &c.; the arms of Trubshawe are given in the impalement of Lister, and the pedigree perfect. I am going through the whole of these MSS. and I will send you the produce of my researches.

"I am, &c. &c.

"THOMAS FERNYHOUGH.

"To James Trubshaw, Esq."

In the postscript of this letter came a list of the families with whom we were allied; but, "Jenny blushing behind her fan," modestly keeps it in the background.

"He had better let the dead rest," said my father in his manly way, as he laid down the letter, and so, for want of encouragement, the researches were not pursued. We could very well live without

them ; we were an independent race ; were alive to the fact that we had had a grandfather, and did not greatly care for a further corroboration of it. It was enough that we were spared the trouble of advertising our gentility, by stealing the distinctive badges of others to head our note paper &c. after the fashion of "Brown, Jones and Robinson."

My father had an idea, either his own or inherited (the last I have every reason to believe, as he seldom troubled his head much about such matters), that our family, when it began to die out at Trubshaw, settled at Wolstanton ; certain it is that the Trubshawes resided there for many years, and, from a will proved at Lichfield, we find a Richard Trubshawe of Trubshawe (or Trubshawe's Cross), Parish of Wolstanton, who desired to be buried in the graveyard of St. Margaret's in the same parish. Then in 1643 we find another Richard Trubshawe buried there. They came on, according to my father's idea, from Wolstanton to Sandon, and it was probably at the latter place that the gentle blood began in some measure to wane, but as there is generally compensation, it may be through this that the men of our family have been indebted for their tallness of stature, powerful frames, physical strength, and an exemption from many ills to which flesh is heir through a superabundance of it.

At Heywood they settled in the capacity of masons, carrying on an extensive business in that line. The name of "Edward Trvbshaw, Mason, 1655," may be found carved on the highest gable of Sandon Church, and also on the tower at Armitage is that of "Thomas Trvbshaw."

And now having mentioned physical strength as a characteristic of our race, which enabled them in athletic sports to yield the palm to few, I will mention a feat of my father's, which, from its connection with Sir Francis Chantry, may be interesting. At the time he (my father) was building Ilam Hall, there was in Mr. Watts Russell's family a tall tutor who was held in repute by the

various members of it for swiftness of foot, and who was by Mr. Watts Russell pitted against my father in a race. The latter eyeing his man and knowing his own powers, offered to compete with Chantry on his back, and came off victorious.

It is amongst some of the earliest entries in the Colwich Registers, that we meet with the name of Richard Trubshaw, and this Richard was the father of George, who was baptised August 24th, 1665, and whose prettily-carved little quaint old gravestone, with his name and that of Shusann his wife, forms a pleasing contrast in the midst of the tall heavy unadorned ones of more modern date.

The next in succession was his son Richard, a noted man in our family in many ways, and whose name was handed down to us as worthy of respect; he was born in 1689. He carried on an extensive business, not only in many of the English Counties, but likewise in Wales; gave his son a good education; left behind substantial proofs of his prosperity; had a love for books, and collected some valuable ones. "Gwillim's Heraldry" is still in our possession, in which he has not only entered his name, but also where it was purchased (Chester), and the cost—£2. 2s. 0d. We have also "Sir Matthew Hale's Sermons," a handsomely-bound copy of "Vitruvius Britannicus," and "Bailey's Dictionary," bought at Stafford, cost 6s. 6d., in which he allowed his son to write his name in 1740, and underneath, the good father, apparently well satisfied with the penmanship, has added—

"My son James Trubshaw writ the above."

But what most interested me in my childhood concerning him was, that he was distinguished by the appellation of "Richard the Wrestler," and when my grandmother used to recite to me the first and last verse (all she could recollect) of a song made in his honour, when he came off victorious in a great wrestling match, I listened

with as much delight as did Frank Osbaldiston, when old Mabel “poured herself forth to his infant ear in descriptions of the scenes of her youth.”

This match took place at Repton in Derbyshire, in which his opponent was backed by Sir Thomas Parkyns, the author of a noted work on wrestling. In 1727 Sir Thomas issued a third edition of his book, and dedicated it “To His Sacred Majesty King George the Second:” in it he tells the manner in which his friend Richard Allen Green was defeated, of whom he thus speaks—“My friend Richard Allen (of Hucknell) *alias* Green from his grandfather who educated him, who has wore the Bays and frequently won most Prizes, besides other By-matches, reign’d Champion of Nottinghamshire and the Neighbouring Counties for twenty years at least, and about eight Months before this was Printed, he Wrestled for a small Prize, when at least twelve Couples were Competitors, and without much Fatigue won it.” From this it appears our ancestor had no ordinary opponent.

My imagination was always more or less excited by this old song. It was the only one composed in our honour of which I had ever heard, and I longed for the whole. Besides, as its opening and closing verse, to my thinking, bordered on the heroic, what might not the intermediate stanzas be! In course of time my eldest brother, having occasion to visit Repton, made enquiries about this song, and at last was directed to an old inhabitant who could recite it.

It stands thus: take it with its faults and merits!—

“In Staffordshire there lived a jolly handsome man,
And his name it was Trubshaw, disprove it if you can;
To Repton town he came, his valour for to try
With one Richard Allen Green, with one Richard Allen Green
Whose fame it was all the cry.

“A wager there was laid all upon the wrestling trade,
 Between Allen and brave Trubshaw upon a certain day;
 When they came into the ring, brave Trubshaw Green did fling,
 O, brave Trubshaw, huzza! O, brave Trubshaw, huzza!
 For he'll surely win the day.

“There was one Sir Thomas Parkyns, Green's backer, standing by,
 And upon these two gamesters he cast an anxious eye,
 He said to Green—‘I think that I see thy courage sink,
 For its Trubshaw, huzza! &c.
 And, I fear, he'll win the day.’

“Green said unto his master—‘Oh, be not thou so bold,
 For if that thou art, thou will surely lose thy gold,
 He is so stout and strong, that he lays me all along.’
 O, brave Trubshaw, huzza! &c.
 For he'll fairly win the day.

“The bells they did ring, and the trumpets they did sound,
 And the Nottinghamshire lads they went sadly off the ground,
 For their money they had lost, to see their champion tossed
 By brave Trubshaw, huzza! &c.
 For he fairly won the day.

“When to Burton town they came, they sailèd all amain
 In triumph, in great triumph that brave Trubshaw won the day;
 The masons they were glad, for to think of such a lad
 As brave Trubshaw, huzza! &c.
 For he fairly won the day.”

And now before I finish this subject, I will insert the following,
 which may not be uninteresting.

“A Poem in Defence of the Marble Effigies of Sir Thomas
 Parkyns, of Bunny Park, in the County of Nottingham, Baronet,
 Erected by him in his Life-time, in a moralizing Posture, in his

Chancel of the Church of Bunny; Being the first posture of Wrestling; an emblem of the Divine and Human Struggle for the glorious Mastery.

By FRANCIS HOFFMAN.

"The art of Wrestling first in Heav'n was shown,
 When the fall'n Angels for foul Play were thrown :
 Thus, *Lucifer* and his proud Angels all
 Receiv'd at last an everlasting Fall :
 Next *Lucifer*, most treacherously we find
 gave an unhappy Fall to all mankind.
 But, *Jacob* 's the first Man of Fame and Pow'r,
 That strove the Art of Wrestling to restore.
 He had the Skill of Wrestling still at Heart,
 And taught the Heav'nly and Terrestrial art ;
 Inspired by Christ, the promised Seed within,
 He wrestled with the World, and Hell, and Sin ;
 His great Redeemer's Genius in him mov'd him,
 E'en in the Womb to wrestle as behov'd him ;
 Early the glorious Wrestler *Jacob* strove
 For Empire here on Earth and Heav'n above :
 The Art of Wrestling Great St. Paul commends,
 And quotes Olympick Games for Gospel Ends.
 If in the Church Wrestlings Exemplar shown,
 A Marble Wrestler decks a Church of Stone ;
 The moralizing Posture 's a just Type,
 Who envies it gives Truth the foulest Gripe, }
 And shows his Sense and Judgment are unripe ; }
 Is in his Censure impious and bold
 Against the Testaments, both New and Old.
 Brave PARKYNS imitates Great JACOB'S fame,
 Marble and Books record the Wrestler's Name ; }
 Bold *Briton's* Strength improved, the PATRIOT proclaim." }

I can picture to myself the conquering hero returning home accompanied by his workmen—for would they not be certain to go in a body to see the match?—the whole village alive to welcome them back, and the Colwich bells ringing merrily (for bells in those days were not particular, and this was too great an event for them to keep silent). Some years ago, when Colwich Church was about to be warmed for the first time, it was found necessary to dig near to Richard Trubshaw's grave and a thigh-bone was brought to light, which proved him to have been a man of gigantic stature. His son Charles, thanks to an industrious father, inherited and also maintained a good position. He carried on a very extensive business, and employed a great number of workmen. He was a sculptor as well as builder, and we still possess a clever specimen of his workmanship in a head of Bacchus, crowned with vine-leaves and grapes, beautifully executed in white marble, with several other proofs of his talent. He was succeeded by my grandfather, who in the early period of his married life resided at Mount Pleasant, now Colwich Priory. My father and two of his brothers were born there, but my grandfather getting into difficulties, sold his residence to Thomas Selleck Brome. And now I will digress a little, in order to make mention of Mr. and Mrs. Brome. Kind, friendly and neighbourly, they were well adapted to adorn country life. Mr. Brome improved the house, lived in good style, drove a large yellow chariot and pair, and kept a conveyance for the accommodation of his neighbours, that far and near went by the name of "Brome's Caravan." How usefully it always came in to take my brothers to school, and fetch them home for the holidays, and sometimes to take us shopping to Stafford! Mr. Brome had an appearance of neatness most striking: he wore a suit of light-coloured kerseymere clothes of the best quality, with gaiters to match, and large shirt-frills of the very finest French cambric. We were accustomed to meet him on our way to school, as he was wending his way

towards the Ford Lane with his fishing rod and basket: we had always a kind word and pleasant greeting. They kept their servants a long time, and having occasion to part with a coachman, who had probably got the upper hand, Mr. Brome recommended him to a valuable friend with this character:—"Sober, honest and steady, fond of little work and high wages." "The very man for me," said his friend, and engaged him at once; and, if I am not mistaken, the same coachman lived with the latter up to his death, and from his careful habits saved a handsome sum of money.

And now for Mrs. Brome—a genuine lover of flowers—her greenhouse and gardens were always well kept. She planted a holly hedge by the road-side where the Priory wall now stands, it was a thick handsome hedge, and quite an object of admiration to every one: she set roots of violets the whole length of it, that passers by might inhale their sweetness, and within arm's reach, that they might gather a bunch; and was not she well pleased to make an annual visit to her neighbours with a little basket of grapes of her own growing.

She was a person of much ingenuity; made a number of curious little figures, and attached them to the wires of her piano, and was as much delighted with their movements as the lookers-on—they came under the head of curiosities in those days. She took lessons, within my memory, from a travelling shoemaker; set up a bench and the requisite tools, and for some time manufactured her own dress shoes, but this business dropped through, as I expect it became distasteful.

Then when my father went to London; what commissions she gave him to purchase materials for her work! He once walked many miles after some fan-sticks; it resembled in some measure "Japhet's Search;" he too was like Japhet—not to be discouraged, and came home triumphant—never to be defeated when once he undertook a thing.

Kind Mrs. Brome held a theory (all have their crotchets) that donkeys were as manageable as horses, if properly treated, and was at much pains to prove her theory. She undertook the training of several, and set up a little donkey carriage, but the donkey did not always act up to expectation; however he went fast, and the driver of the mail coach used to humour the old lady by letting her think, that in the mile's run between here and Great Heywood, her donkey had the best of it. Then the good old lady, happy in the belief, boasted that in short distances, the donkey beat the mail coach. She once upset a friend when driving fast down hill for this purpose, and the friend (but friends even are sometimes tenacious), declared Mrs. Brome never enquired if she were hurt, until she had examined her donkey's knees. Dear old lady! who would wonder at it? We all mourned when Mr. Brome's summons came, and when Mrs. Brome went to live elsewhere. Mr. Pitchford was unable to perform the last mournful duties over his valued friend, and a neighbouring clergyman was solicited to read the funeral service.

After leaving Mount Pleasant, my grandfather let it for a time, and came to reside at the house in the village—now the Post Office. It was June the 19th, 1791, when he parted with it to Mr. Brome. At Mr. Brome's death it was let for a few years, and then sold to Lord Tamworth, and at his decease it was purchased by a community of Benedictine Nuns.

And now troubles crept in, as they will do, some time or other, into all families.

My grandfather's first wife was Margaret Lander, whose father resided at Shugborough, and afterwards at Great Heywood in the house now occupied by Dr. Tylecote. Mr. Lander was a man of some property; his daughter died at the age of 24, and he had had the good sense to settle her fortune upon her child. This caused her son, my uncle Thomas, to be in a better position for

many years than his half-brothers and sisters: he was more attached to my uncle Charles than to the rest, and left him an annuity of £40. He willed most of his property to Mr. Collins, a solicitor in Stafford, who honourably left it back to the family. My grandfather's second wife was Elizabeth, daughter of John Webb, of Levedale, and Dorothy his wife, whose maiden name was Bagnall. She inherited a good fortune, which chiefly came to her father through his uncle John Webb of Coppenhall, who left the bulk of his property lying at Coppenhall, Penkridge, Overton, Knowle, Coton near Seighford, and Wedges Mills near Cannock, to this nephew John, son of William Webb, and to his godson John, son of Sampson Webb of Hixon. He left my grandmother and her sister £150 each when they attained the age of twenty-one.

It was a great trouble to my grandmother when her property had to be sold to relieve my grandfather in his difficulties, and, of course, a great trouble also, when he had to sell his own in the neighbourhood.

The second family consisted of seven sons and two daughters. My father and his brothers were accustomed to walk daily to Rugeley (a distance of three miles) to school at a very early age. When only eleven, the former was taken away to go each morning to Sandon (a distance of seven miles) to keep an eye upon the men employed under my grandfather to make alterations at Sandon Hall for Lord Harrowby, and to give a helping hand into the bargain.

This was sharp work, particularly as my father was alive to the advantages of education, and I have heard him say, how his anxious mother used to get his breakfast at a very early hour, and to encourage, and give him a start, would accompany him to the top of "The Hollow," and that he never durst turn to say "good-bye," lest she should see the tears, which he could not always restrain, for he felt it would never do to add to her troubles.

Ay, as I said before, this was sharp work, and went on for either five or seven months, I forget which, and excellent Mrs. Hanbury, who had the gift of exercising beneficial influence on all with whom she came in contact, encouraged him greatly in his youth, by telling him he would be sure to prosper—he was so thoughtful for his mother. No doubt, it was this early initiation into the habits and capabilities of workmen, that rendered him throughout life, so skilful in his management of them. After this, he went to school again for a short time, but was soon taken away for good.

I have heard him say, that at the age of sixteen, he could have earned a livelihood in any town or county in England, and at sixteen, not knowing what better to do, he set out for London on his own account. Now, a journey to London on a stage coach was a great event at that period, and the villagers assembled to see him start: I have heard some of the old inhabitants recur to it.

Perhaps it may be interesting if I mention that my father remembered how he, with his mother, brothers, and the villagers used to group together in the road to watch for the arrival of the first coach that ran between London and Liverpool. He lived to see this coach give place to the railroads.

On reaching London, he went to Westmacott, with whom his father had had business transactions for many years, and asked him for employment. At that time Mr. Beckford was erecting the celebrated Fonthill Abbey, on which it is said he spent the enormous sum of £273,000. Westmacott sent him there, where his uncle was foreman of the masons, but my father, who had already learned the value of money and the evil arising from extravagance, incurred the jealousy of his uncle, who had no talent for saving, and the latter declared that my father was endeavouring to undermine him and get his situation. Greatly distressed with this, he resolved to leave immediately. Westmacott then

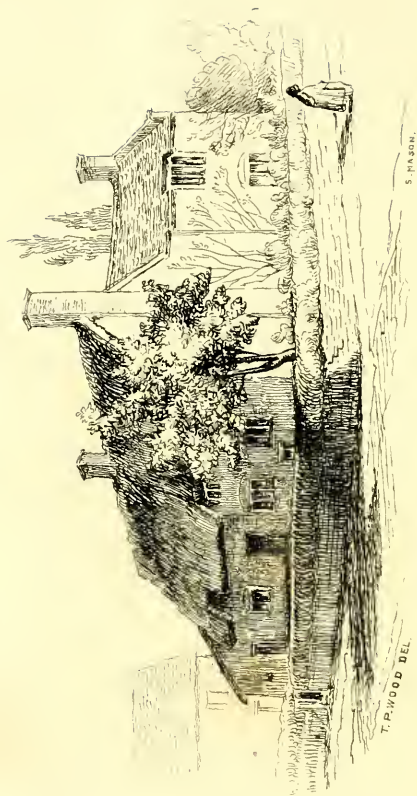
sent him to Buckingham Palace, where he assisted in fixing the grand staircase, and afterwards to Windsor—here, kind old George the Third occasionally entered into conversation with him. In London he had a very serious illness, an attack of brain fever, and probably would have sunk under it, as his landlady was afraid to enter his room for fear of infection; she would set a basin of gruel by his bed-side, and leave him for many hours; but, providentially, just at this time a friend of the family from Staffordshire went up to London, and called to see him: finding him in this state, she brought word to my grandmother, who sent my uncle John to nurse him. As soon as he could be moved, he was brought home, and by the time his doctor's bill, his landlady, and his coach-fare were paid, his savings of twenty-three guineas were brought to an end. In January, 1793, my grandfather was elected county surveyor at a salary of £52. 12s. 0d. per annum;—he was “required to attend two days a week to the work under hand, and also to deliver a report of necessary repairs wanting at every Quarter Sessions;”—such were the duties imposed by the office at that period, and such the salary.

February 11th, 1795, a very large ice-flood washed down Wolseley Bridge. John Rennie (the father of George and Sir John) furnished the design for the new one, and my grandfather, the builder, sent my father to work there. At eighteen, he was the least amongst his companions, and delicate to boot. His mother for some time in his infancy had him dipped (but with no good result) at five o'clock in the morning in Shortbrook, the water of which spring was considered very efficacious for weakly constitutions, and at that period there was a little bath-house close by for the convenience of the bathers. He attributed the good health he afterwards enjoyed to working by the water-side at Wolseley, and it so started his growth, that at twenty-two he not only out-stripped his companions, but was probably the tallest person in the parish.

In 1800 he married Mary, daughter of Thomas and Mary Bott. My grandmother had been left a widow some years with two daughters ; my mother was the youngest ; she was, in every respect, well suited for a man anxious to make his way in life. She helped him to work and to save. I have frequently heard her say—she should have been at no loss had her lot been cast in the backwoods of America, neither would she have disliked it. With as clear a head as his own and with as much industry, they climbed the hill hand-in-hand, and prosperity, in due course of time, followed their footsteps. My father brought his wife to Heywood, hoping to put things on a better footing, and it was here that my eldest brother was born. Soon after this, finding he could not mend matters at home, he commenced business with very slender resources on his own account at Stone, and it was probably somewhere about this time that he came under the notice of Mrs. Sneyd, who was on the point of building Ashcombe Hall. Struck by his integrity and business-like habits, she would have no denial, build it he must. This was a formidable undertaking to a young man with no capital, and without friends to instruct or give advice in case difficulties arose ; so with the honesty of nature, for which he was always noted, he at once stated his misgivings, when Mrs. Sneyd set all at rest, by offering to aid in every way. She assisted in making the plans, and drove over each pay-day with a black silk bag, in which were deposited the guineas, silver and copper, which her kind forethought had provided to keep up his credit with his workmen. He always owned himself under the greatest obligations to her, and I have heard him say in his later years, that so great was his anxiety to do justice to his kind benefactress, that he left no step unturned to give satisfaction, and that he never afterwards built a house better than this, his first formidable undertaking, Ashcombe Hall.

Iron perseverance, strict habits of self-denial, and integrity,





MY FIRST HOME

were the giants that assisted him in surmounting and trampling down difficulties, and moreover he had that great passport to success, a cheerful readiness to give a helping hand whenever and wherever it was necessary, and the good sense to set at nought that foolish pride—that upas tree of the many, the baneful influence of which not only deadens our sphere of usefulness, but casts a blight over our very comforts.

Then through Mr. and Mrs. Sneyd's recommendation he met with employment, not only in their family, but amongst their friends, all of whom treated him with marks of friendship and respect. Mr. Kynnersley of Loxley Hall, Sir Thomas Sheppard, father and son, were amongst his oldest and best supporters.

It was on my father's return from a walk of many miles, I believe from Ashcombe, and having been on foot all day superintending his men, he came home weary and exhausted, and retired to bed, here he had not rested long, when he was aroused by a messenger from Heywood to tell him his father was not expected to live, and "could not die without seeing him." Fatigue had taken such hold, that I have heard him declare he walked the greater part of the eleven miles in his sleep. He was just in time to see his father, who had not taken his eyes from the door of his bed-room for some hours, close them for ever as he entered the apartment. After this, he considered it wise to take up his abode at Heywood and try to recover the business; so in the house where his father breathed his last, my grandmother and her three youngest boys, the little one only eight years older than my eldest brother, my father, mother, and their six children lived together for some years, my father thankful to have it in his power to assist his brothers and happy in being able to give a home to his mother, and it was now under his roof that my grandmother found that peace to which she had long been a stranger. A thoughtful disposition, added to trouble, sowed the seeds of great

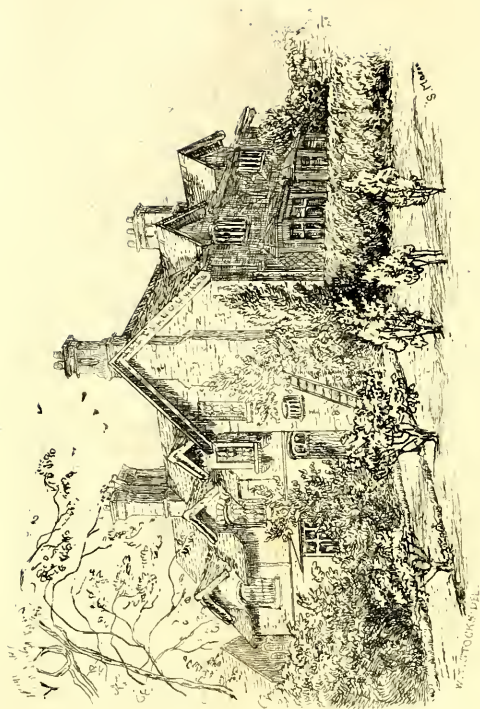
piety, her anxiety to be useful in household matters, and the love and kindness she bestowed upon her grandchildren deserve never to be forgotten, and as "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," so through his mercy her declining years were blessed with comforts. In person she was remarkably tall—five feet ten, thin, very upright, and adhered to the old style of dress—stiff stays and long waists, with sleeves to the elbow,—her hair rolled back under a close border of clear muslin edged with narrow lace. This style of dress suited her tall figure and caused her to be almost as much admired in her old age as she had been in her youth, when in high-heeled shoes, stiff French silks, and powdered hair, she had been the belle of her father's neighbourhood.

We have preserved several of her dresses: amongst the number her wedding dress of pale cream-coloured silk, and also her wedding shoes: the latter were the gift of the family shoemaker; they are of rich broeaded silk, with very high heels, pointed toes and silver buckles.

She had very dark hair, which remained almost unchanged to the last, serious and intelligent brown eyes, a formed nose, with a delicate and feminine cast of countenance. She was honoured and beloved by all for the constant solicitude she showed to repay my father's and mother's kindness. My mother always thought that sending away my sister and myself to Newcastle-under-Lyme to finish our education, hastened her end. We had never until my thirteenth birthday been separated for more than a few days, and giving up her customary avocations, and taking to her room immediately on our departure, an attack of pleurisy supervened, which caused her death before we were summoned home. This was our first great grief!

It was a year or two after my father came to settle at Heywood that I was born. And now I am on the subject of the old house, I will name an incident connected with it. At the time the Duke





OUR PRESENT HOME

of Cumberland was sent to suppress the Scotch Rebellion, some of his soldiers entered this dwelling, under the false supposition that several of the rebels were secreted in it. The parlour door being locked and the key taken out, one of the soldiers rudely thrust his bayonet through a panel, the mark of which may probably still be detected.

In a few years, by exercising great economy, my father was in a position to purchase land and build himself a more suitable residence. He bought a field from Mr. Coleman of Colwich, and in the corner of this field stood the cottage in which we now reside, tenanted by Mrs. Swinburne, the widow of a Colonel Swinburne, and her two daughters; they were kind and pleasant neighbours; eventually they went from here to reside near Bath. I was seven years of age when we entered upon the new house; there was still much to be done before it was finished, for the men were so frequently called away to other work: it was not a case of waiting turns, but rather that of the cobbler's wife; we were often pushed aside altogether for many weeks, but by degrees it was completed. Mrs. Swinburne kindly offered to take charge of my sister and myself during the removal, but I was ill and only fit to be under a parent's roof. I well remember the morning we left the old house in the village, going into every apartment and saying "Good-bye old room," feeling as if my heart would break. I never cared greatly for changes, and my grandmother, whose heart was bound up in mine, declared if I died in the new abode, nothing would ever reconcile her to it. Dear, dear old grandmother! how well she and my mother worked together for our comfort, and when my father had a little hand-carriage made at the works to convey us to school on wet days, my mother manufactured little muffs of hare-skins to add to our comforts, and lined them with crimson silk, and were not we delighted, for children's muffs had not then found their way into our little world,

and they quite set the fashion and gained her much credit, as did also the nankeen bonnets with cord runners, which she introduced here, and my grandmother herself prepared the warm breakfast of bread and milk, and wrapped us up previous to setting out : we were not left to ourselves for one or other had always an eye upon us ; there are no nurses like mothers and grandmothers, depend upon it ; and John Kent, now the parish clerk at Great Heywood, was selected from his steadiness to take us to school, and when we approached a part of the road particularly dirty—"Now John, draw us through the puddle," and John, who at his age could not be expected to be quite as steady as old Time, in his good nature generally acceded to our wishes. In my mother's old age, the son of this very John Kent drew her out in her Bath-chair.

It was not very long after entering on our new residence that my father was employed by Mr. Watts Russell to build Ilam Hall, and it was probably there that he became acquainted with those excellent men, the Revs. John and Joseph Miller : of high intellectual powers and adorned with Christian virtues, they were men of whose friendship all might be proud.

After the building of Walkeringham Vicarage, Notts., and keeping under the contract, the Rev. Joseph K. Miller ever afterwards treated him with the most friendly respect and attention, and presented him with a handsome silver teapot with a suitable inscription, in which he found the following playful lines :

"Whereas, I James Trubshaw of Heywood in Stafford,

To make a fine speech for my life cannot afford,

Being quite a plain dealer, and nothing inclin'd

To SPOUTING, except of a different kind ;

Now therefore all persons whom this may concern

Be admonish'd hereby to take notice and learn,

That in lieu of a speech I this promise propound,

By which I am firmly obliged, held, and bound ;

That my friendly 'REMEMBRANCE OF WALK'RINGHAM VICARAGE'
 Shall but take from this present a keener and quicker edge ;
 O'er the cups which I hope it is destined to fill
 I will talk of the donors, and think of them still ;
 And whenever on business, or idleness bent,
 I go so far North on the banks of the Trent,
 I will make it a point (barring impossibilities)
 To demand the said Vicar and Lady's civilities."

The Rev. John Miller gave him a coffee pot to match, and the other brother, the Rev. Thomas Elton Miller, "not to be outdone," as he said, although he had then never had an interview with my father, sent him a pocket of hops.

On his last visit to Bockleton, Mr. John Miller addressed to him the accompanying complimentary lines, suggested by a walk he had with the two brothers Thomas and John, where he was conducted to a rocky seat on which the poet Wordsworth had rested when on a recent visit to them. They were headed by a pretty pen-and-ink sketch of the spot.

"The Poet's Stone."

"To James Trubshaw, Esq., June 12th, 1848.

"The mass of rock here rudely sketch'd doth own
 The appellation of '*The Poet's Stone* ;'
 So nam'd as earnest oft is mixed with jest,
 Since on its rugged surface sat for rest
 The Bard of Rydal (holding social talk
 With neighbouring host on an exploring walk),
 Foremost of living men to whom belong
 The pow'r and skill to *build* immortal song.

But e'en as wealth draws wealth—still adding more
 To treasures where abundance was before—

So greatness comes to greatness—fame to fame ;
 And thou, proud stone, hast thus another claim
 To honour, having had for guest to-day
 One skill'd no less to *build* in other way :
 Witness thy bridge, fair Dee, where noblest span
 Of single arch as yet contriv'd by man,
 Gives grace to Chester's City !—*he* hath sat
 This morn on thee, whose skill completed that !
 Art not a lucky stone ? and may not pride
 Be justly theirs, whose lot it was to guide
 Such visitors to thee—so richly skill'd—
 The one with matter, one with mind, to *build* ?

“N.B.—A slender ‘tribute of respect’ to the excellent Architect of certain parsonages and other important works.”

At my father's decease, the Rev. John Miller wrote the sub-joined Memoir for the *Gentleman's Magazine* of January, 1854, and in a letter to us, termed it “a labour of love.” It is very truthful. He also wrote the inscriptions for my father's and mother's tombs in Colwich Church and Churchyard.

Soon after the building of Ilam, came that of Chester Bridge, an important era in my father's life, and after its completion, the Rev. Sidney Smith, with whom he became acquainted at Sir George Philips's, offered to draw up an account of it, provided my father would furnish him with the details, but wishing it to stand entirely on its own merits, he did not accept the kind proposal.

But I am not about to enter into a list of his labours, except that I will mention Weston House, Warwickshire, built for Sir G. Philips, and Wybunbury Church Steeple, “which having declined five feet eleven inches from the perpendicular, was restored to its proper equilibrium at a small cost, and by a very simple process, without damaging a single stone of the whole building.” My father from boyhood had often expressed a wish

to restore this tower, and what is remarkable, he then conceived the very mode, by which in after years he accomplished it. A brass plate inserted in a stone in the Vestry of the Church, records this restoration.

The late Herbert Minton, Esq., of Stoke-upon-Trent, requested that a portion of the clay from under the steeple might be brought to him, and of this he manufactured an immense jug, which he kindly presented to my father as an interesting memento of the work.

At Newstead Abbey, when employed in making alterations for Colonel Wildman, he met with many persons associated with the memory of Lord Byron, in fact with a more than ordinary facility of acquiring knowledge of men of note, had he given time to it, he might have furnished as interesting an autobiography as most men.

In the year 1836, my eldest brother was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and the following is an extract from the *Wolverhampton Chronicle* of that year :

“Thomas Trubshaw, Esq., of Little Heywood, who has enriched this county with some of the finest specimens of Tudor and Elizabethan architecture, has been elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, an honour conferred only on the highest grade of his profession ; and we believe it is the first instance in which a provincial architect has attained this mark of distinction.”

Manley Hall, near Lichfield, with its remarkably handsome chimneys, is a specimen of his taste.

The churches of Brereton, Salt and Great Heywood (before its alteration) were designed by him, as also the pretty lodge at the entrance of Bagot's Park—an object of much admiration, and in laying out flower gardens he was very successful.

To show the estimation in which he was held, I subjoin an extract from the *Staffordshire Advertiser*.

“DIED

“At Little Heywood, on the 7th instant, Thomas Trubshaw, Esq., F.S.A., aged 40.

“We regret to announce in our obituary of this week, the death of Mr. Thomas Trubshaw, of Little Heywood. Highly distinguished for his architectural and general acquirements, and equally valued by his friends, for his kind-hearted and generous disposition, we cannot but feel that the country has sustained a loss which it may be difficult to estimate. The churches and other buildings which have been erected under his direction, have done much to revive a taste for the beauties of architecture, they will long remain as monuments of his talent, and cause us to lament his removal at so early a period of his life.”

It was after a short actual illness in 1853 that my father died, leaving his children to reap the benefit of his labours, and also, not forgetting his grandchildren, twenty-four in number, to each of whom he left a handsome legacy. It was arranged by his kind forethought that my mother was not to be disturbed from her home.

Now, the looking over his papers and letters chiefly devolved upon my sister and myself. It was almost impossible to commence our labours, whilst my mother was spared to us, for we were well aware that it would not only take days, but weeks, to examine them, and as her health was much enfeebled, she required the greatest care and attention, besides it would have been very painful to her to be so constantly reminded of the past. In 1857 in her 82nd year, she was taken from us.

My dear mother inherited from her parents a more than

ordinary humanity of disposition, was consistently kind to every living thing, and always expressed a just indignation towards all who either wantonly or heedlessly inflicted pain or took away life, so that the corresponding verse to the day of her birth, in the last chapter of *Proverbs* might be said to be characteristic, for she was ever ready to "open her mouth for the dumb in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction." And here let me hope, that this kindness, of which she was so bright an example, may spread its mantle over her descendants, and that the breath of life—that inexplicable mystery—the electric spark in the link between God and his creatures, may never be thoughtlessly nor cruelly destroyed.

In person my mother was tall, with a tendency to stoutness, with a fine fall of shoulders, almost transparent fairness of complexion, dark brown hair, large earnest grey eyes, and a noble forehead, both as regarded height and breadth. She was a woman of deep thought and great intellectual powers, yet possessing at the same time much natural diffidence, very truthful, a great reader from her earliest years, read aloud with remarkable force, and after attaining her 80th birthday, could discourse upon books and repeat much of the standard poetry of her youth; in fact, such was her love for books, that her first sixpence was devoted to the purchase of "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia" at an old bookstall in the market-place of her native town. The child's singular choice attracted the notice of the old bookseller, and he purposely procured for her "The Prince of Carency," carefully laying it aside until her funds enabled her to become its possessor. The former she read twice before attaining her tenth year, and with so much genuine interest that many portions of it became stereotyped on her memory, and shortly before her death, she detected a passage from it in a sermon, and to our surprise, not only carried on the passage, but found it readily in the work

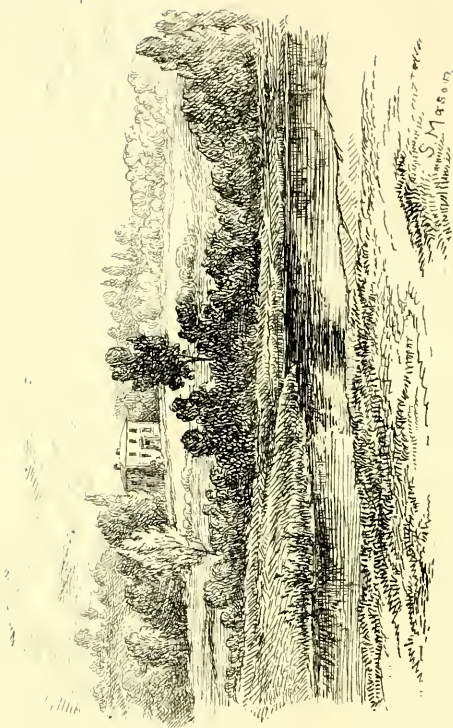
itself, although the said work had been laid aside with her childhood.

Had her means at that time equalled her will, she might, from the evident interest the old man took in her, have become probably the possessor of many rare works. Her manners were gentle and her countenance placid. She was of quiet domestic habits, never unemployed, gifted with excellent common sense, and much beloved by her servants. It might have been justly said of her, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." She was fond of antiquities, but fonder still of nature's works—the rising and the setting sun—the moon—a thunder storm—the varying clouds attracted her notice and admiration to the last, and her love for flowers never forsook her. The day before her death, she expressed herself so sweetly upon some placed in her feeble hands, as though their hidden mysteries were opened to her. Her end was peace.

The following verses were addressed to her by my sister on the anniversary of a birthday :

"Dear mother, on this happy day
 I dedicate to thee
 These simple lines, content if they
 A pleasant tribute be,
 Though I could wish in loftier strain
 To sing thy eulogy.

"To thank thee for the patient care,
 The abiding love of years,
 Alike my guide through childhood's snares
 And woman's hopes and fears,
 Which prove a zest to all my joys
 And a balm to all my tears.



DISTANT VIEW OF OUR OLD HOME.

Mass.

"But did I all the eloquence
 Of poesy possess,
 Words are but idle sounds, and ill
 Can gratitude express ;
 By deeds alone I hope to prove
 That I feel it not the less."

A. T.

I cannot do better than finish with an extract from a letter I received after my mother's decease.

"I was not the less sorry to receive the tidings conveyed in your letter of yesterday, though my aunt's death was an event we were led to think of, as not far distant, from the long-enfeebled state of her health. It now seems to have taken place at its appointed time, like the falling of one of the last leaves of Autumn, and you have the consolation of thinking that she has been gently gathered, not harshly plucked, in a ripe and honoured age. May we hope that our end will be as resigned and tranquil. That she will be missed from among you all, I have little doubt, for those only who have experienced a similar loss, can know what it is to lose a mother. There is a satisfaction in bearing testimony to her worth, now that she is gone, and not the least fitting monument to her will be, the kindly place she has secured in our memories."

It was more than a year after her decease when our residence was sold. My sister and I had left the house, but as it was more convenient to examine my father's papers there, as they had not been removed from his office, we went daily to the old home and in one of the empty rooms carried on our Herculean labour, as there we were entirely free from all interruption. Now, the examination of these papers was almost as hopeless a task as that of Graciosa when set to sort the feathers. They were entirely papers and letters connected with business. My father had been in the habit of carefully preserving and endorsing all letters he

received. "There is no telling but they may be useful some time or other," he would say, as he arranged them according to their dates, and stowed them in pigeon-holes and cupboards, and on this account, there was probably as great an accumulation as it was possible for any one in his profession to possess. The work from its magnitude was a very formidable undertaking. We felt it was a duty we owed to his memory conscientiously to look over every paper separately. It was monotonous work as may be imagined. Clothes basket after clothes basket was piled up in the office to be opened in the empty room, and to dispose of them was no easy task, for they not only extinguished the fire, but took up much time, until a bright idea struck my sister—"Let us carry them to the large brick oven and set fire to them as we fill it." This happy thought relieved us from much difficulty. How the old came back as we sat at our work—how like! and yet how different! The time when we had all been together. The manly tread which invariably announced his approach, as he came along the hall from his office into this apartment. The place the old large sofa had occupied, on which in his old age he would allow himself a little rest; the comfortable old-fashioned chair, which we were always glad to occupy in his absence, and which after his decease we held so sacred, that my sister and I would have suffered much, ere we could have again seated ourselves in it, and above all that, the energetic nature that in the midst of a multiplicity of business could find opportunity for competing in our youthful pastimes. At one time he carried in his great-coat pocket a cup and ball, to be in readiness for practice as he walked by the side of his horse quietly up hill, his invariable custom in those long wearisome drives, before railroads were made, and when recruited by a refreshing cup of tea, his last meal at night, would challenge all to a game, making the walls re-echo with that buoyant laugh, in which, despite defeat, we could not refrain

from joining. We have still his cup and ball and bandalore. Ay, and sometimes even now, I come across the lengthy riddles in verse, written out at his request by my mother, to be committed to memory under similar circumstances, to keep up his popularity with the young. The interval between the deaths of our parents—the final close—all these things came across us, as they have done, and will to thousands as long as time lasts.

“All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

“We meet them in the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.”

It was in looking over my father's papers that we came upon Richard and Charles Trubshaw's ledgers: they were like a little oasis in the desert, from having entries made of various things disconnected with business: there seemed to have been a large correspondence carried on in the way of both business and friendship between the latter and a friend in London, and there were several bundles of letters carefully preserved. It was not an age of many newspapers, and there were occasionally bits of information respecting the political events of the period, and of occurrences taking place in the great metropolis, and interchanges of gifts mentioned: on the country side, fitches of bacon, turkeys and geese, and the London, pounds of tea, Indian-silk handkerchiefs &c.; and notice of the little knitting girl in the country, and then the little Londoner was sent on a visit to the country, and after a

while, as she probably became a pet, a desire on her uncle's part, that she should not be "pampered"—well !

"Golden lads and lasses must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

But the most pithy part of the business was connected with Richard Trubshaw's ledgers. Here were his business transactions ; his domestic economy ; and, moreover, his wonderful recipes ; all entered therein ; the latter, had it not been for me, might have been lost to his descendants. I have subjoined a few extracts to interest them as they have interested me. I had almost forgotten to mention that this Richard Trubshaw was noted for his remarkable pedestrian powers, despising the slow conveyances of the day, which to a man of his energetic nature, must indeed have been trying : he was in the habit of walking to London two or three times a year, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, transacting his business and returning in almost incredibly short time. All honour to his memory ! he was no common character.

And now having finished all I have to say on the subject of our family, eight generations of whom (and probably more) rest in Colwich Churchyard, I will conclude by acknowledging the deep debt of gratitude we all owe to my dear father, and saying in the words of the Rev. John Miller, inscribed on his tomb, which all who knew him can faithfully attest, that he was "a man of great natural ability, unswerving integrity, and unaffected Christian worth."

EXTRACTS

FROM

RICHARD AND CHARLES TRUBSHAW'S LEDGERS.



I Rich^d Trubshaw was Baptized May 5th 1689 this above is my own Age—I now set it down August 4th 1740.

My Dear wife was born at Bledington in Glostershire Sept 29th in ye year 1687 (and Died Octo: 9th 1740 about 8 of ye Clock in ye morning, She was ye best of wives, A tender Mother, and a good Christian, as lived in ye world—I kept Company with her at Wood Stock in Oxfordshire and marry'd her at Oxford in Merton Collidge* ye 6th of January 1714—

Charles Cope Trubshaw Trubshaw he was Baptized, Mr. Jenkins and Robert Whiston godfathers and John Copes wife is now but she was Mrs. Mary Robins of Rudgely. he was born Sept 13th 1715—

George Trubshaw Son of Richard and Elizabeth Trubshaw was born 18th of September 1717. James Trubshaw born April 1st 1719—Richard Trubshaw born April 10th 1721—and died an infant.

Elizabeth Trubshaw Born March 18th 1723—

My Dear Son George Trubshaw died March 3d (174 $\frac{1}{2}$ in the 25th year of his Age, if he had liv'd to Sept 18th 1742). he was beloved by all that knew him, he was Sober, Dutyfull, a young and strong man as ever liv'd in ye world for his substance.

Charles Cope Trubshaw son of R^d and Elizabeth was Born Sept 13—1715—

On July 3d 1719 I was at Aston by Stone at Sir E Simeon's betwixt the hour of 4 and 5 o'clock happened a Violent Storm of Haile that took all the windows off in ——— the Stones in substance was 9 inches $\frac{1}{2}$ Round. Cut down all the Corn and Every thing that was growing—this I can say for I was there present.

* Query what College—name a little indistinct.

Memorandum that Sir W^m Wolseley Bart went with M^r Charles Wedgwood to Litchfield as a Compliment as part of the way to the Bath. Sir W^m Coming towards Haywood Home, fell such a dreadfull Rain and Thunder at the Brook end at Longdon or Long July 7th 1728 about 7 o'clock at night, the Brook was so High took him down Chariot 3 mares and Large Horse; all value'd about 80 pounds, the 4 Drownd and poor Sir William. (Coachman sav'd himself and his man that Rode before his Coachman Edward Taylor got to an apple tree sav'd himself) this parish mourns for the loss of him myself for one.

This is a just account of Bangor Steeple, and South side of Church built by me in the year 1726—

1725. Work done for Sir Edward Simeon Aston nr Stone

„ „ Mr. Chetwynd Grendon—

1726. This is a just account of what money I have paid for Sir Arthur Hazlerigg* Bart of Noseley Leicestershire

1728. Account taken by me R^d Trubshaw of Shutbrough Bridge July 6th.

May 7th 1729 Snow'd in the morning Mighte Hard—Lent Mr. Morrell my Young Man's Companion

April 8—1729. then began to pluck down the East front of Tixal Hall.

Poor Baldwin Died at Shutbrough 15 July 1729. I paid for his Coffin and buriall Cost me 10s. 10d.

Nov. 10. This day paid Rich^d Smith for carrying 3 Loads of Pebble Stones to Shutbrough Bridge 4s. 6d. Will Atkins 1 day helping him—3 shillings those stones cost me picking.

March 1st 1738 pd Yates 3s. to buy me a Dog at Uttoxeter and did not

* The husband of Miss Hannah Sturges, from whom Richardson drew his character of Pamela.

Sept 19 1738 then paid Mr. Green, Barbour, in Litchfield for my wigg £1—11s—6d and all paid to this day

March 14 1741½ then paid my Daughter ——— 0—3s—0
I expect to have a just account how she lays her moneys out that I pay to her—this is ye first payment.

Ellen Heatherstick began with me on the 5th of May 1742—gave her 2s—6d in part of wages, and that was 47s—6d per year, allowing her a taylor one day and a new pair of shoes into bargain.

Here lyes the body of Nicholas Hookes (son of Nicholas Hookes Esq^{re} who was ye 41st Child of his Father by Alice his wife)—(he the father of 27 children) ye above lived at Conway in Carnarvonshire.

1744. P^d for Way Goose7—6

1755. Jane Mottram came to me to live at fifty shillings per year

1766. P^d Ragged Tom . 6 days at Ingestre6—0

May 7th 1742 then Rec^d of Richard Wootton, one pound in full for rent of ye new leasow being due ye last Lady-day, or for ye year 1741.

Rec^d one pound of Widdow——son in law towards his rent of Ansell Grounds as I hold in Haywood. I was to have £1 2s. 6d p^r year) 2s 6d lies behind—I have given him no receipt for it—this was due ye last Lady-day for ye year 1741. And £1 2s 6d more for ye year 1742. He now oweth me one £1 5s 0d, but God knows when I shall have it.

May 8th 1743. then Recd of John Suffolk 5s for his last year Rent dew the last Lady day—

June 27- 1747- Rec^d of Sam Tabenor for New Leasow £1—0—0

Oct. 12- ——— D^c of Jⁿ Farmer for Haywood piece till Michaelmas last — —

A receipt for a strain for back

Take the Oyl of Chammomile and the Oyl of Spike and the Oyl of Swallows one ounce each, these Oyls and two ounces of Spirits of Wine and mix it altogether you must first rub his or her back which is sprained very well with these Oyls every three days but then you must have a Cat ready to kill and Clap upon it warm, this must be done three times, that is three several times and after all this you must lay a Charge upon his or her back which is sprained which must be after this manner Take 4 ounces of Barbadoes Tar—Half a pound of Stone pitch—2 ounces of Mastick 2 ounces of black Rosin mix them altogether, put them in a Pan over a gentle fire till all be melted.

M^r Shackerley's Receipt for Pain in ye Back

this is I am told a never-failing receipt—

The pills Consist of Snails calcined, wild carrot Seeds, Burdock Seeds Ashen Keys hips and haws all burnt to A Blackness maide up with Soap and Honey.

April 29—1744 Poor James Trubshaw died at London of the Small Pox and Buried there. Aged 25.

Richard Trubshaw died April 28—1745 of an Inflammation. Aged 56.

(entered by his son)—

I have copied the following to shew the wages of workmen at the period.

1725. Days Work done at Wolseley Bridge since June ye 10th

	£	s	d
Rich ^d Trubshaw 37 days and a half at 2/ per day ...	3	15	0
One day myself to meet Mr. Jervis at Stone	„	2	6
Walter Cartwright a labourer one day &c.	„	1	0
Thos. Mellor do. do.			

May 25th 1733.		s	
Thomas Bromley Sawyer—33 foot 6in—at 7 per foot		19	6½
Ditto—6 days work at 16d per day		8	0
1737. Humphrey Badkin Mason. 9 days		13	6
his labourer 10 days.....		10	
1739 John Arblaster Mason—18 days.....	1	10	0
My Son 3 days		5	3
Bricklayers 1/4 per day. Carpenters 1/4—			
Bricks 10/ per 1000—			
1731 Work done for Master Sneyd			
1731. „ Mr. Fitzherbert—Swinerton			
1733. „ Colwich Church.			
1734. „ Master Vernon Sudbury.			
„ 37 „ Lord Falcombridge at his house in			
Stafford.			
„ 38 „ Lord Aston			
Lord Chetwynd.			
1739 Esq ^{re} Parkhurst of Haunch Hall			
„ 38 Sir Walter Bagot—of Blithfield			
„ 39 In Hertfordshire			
1743. Esq ^{re} Vernon Hilton			
1738 My Bargin is of Norton Church £520.			
1742. Sept 1st Then began of the Spire at			
Greenhill Lichfield			
„ Sir Theophilus Biddulph			
„ Esq ^{re} Congreve			
„ Esq ^{re} Arblaster			
1732 March Rich ^d Trubshaw and Rich ^d Mottershaw			
Churchwardens Colwich			

1726 Aug 24 The Charge of my New Bed

Garsey—23 lbs at 14d per lb. come to	£1	7	9½
Spinning at 9d per lb		17	3
Weaving, Calldring and Printing 41 yds of Chintz at 11d per yard		1	17 7
6 doz Rings for the bed 12d—3 ounces of thread		1	9
½ a piece of tape 6d—6 yards ½ Buckram 11d	„	6	5½
7 yds Print to line the Quilt—14d.....		8	2
		4	19 0
For Feathers for the bed		2	0 0
The bed tick Bolster and pillows		1	4 0
The wood and work Come to		1	5 0
The two Blankets.....		1	5 0
Making		1	0 0
Iron work for the bed	} torn out of ledger {
The Quilting of the Wool	
		£12	7 0

The upper part and Quilt my wife found not charged.

Work done at various times by Charles Trubshaw—copied from his ledger—for

The Hon ^{ble} Thomas Anson	The Rev ^d Mr Bagot
The Hon ^{ble} J Barry Esq ^{re}	Sir William Bagot
Sir Thomas Broughton	Viscount Chetwynd
The Hon ^{ble} Mr Clifford	Tho ^s Fitzherbert Esq ^{re}
Sir Bryon Broughton Delves	Sir Edward Littleton
The Lord Kilmorey	Mainwaring Esq ^{re} Whitmore
The Parsonage at Swinnerton 1760	Trentham Bridge 1766
The Hon ^{ble} Mr ^s Talbot	Mr Talbot—Hoarcross
George Venables Vernon Esq ^{re}	Mr Whitby
George Adams Esq ^{re}	

Abstract to show the Wages of the period.

Acton, 1757. Work done at Acton Church.

	£		
My time 12 days	3	0	0
James Bold 73 days	7	6	0
J ^{no} Bulkley 85 days	7	1	8
Ed Banks 98 days	7	7	
J Ratcliffe 17 days	1	6	11
W ^m Scofield 45½	3	12	0½
George Allen, 7	0	11	8
Dan ^l Walley- 4½ 6/- his labourer 5½ 5s/6d.			

1762—July 13. Rec^d of Richard Whitworth Esq^{re} the sum of Two pounds two shillings in full for four milestones placed between Wolseley Bridge and Stafford by me

CHARLES TRUBSHAW.

1764—Built ye Temple of ye Winds for the Hon^{ble} Tho^s Anson Esq^{re}

INSCRIPTIONS ON FAMILY GRAVESTONES
IN COLWICH CHURCHYARD.

In memory
of George &
Shusann Trubshaw
He dy'd May 26. & she
dy'd June 2nd 1714
& Thomas their
son dy'd November
1714

Underneath
lie interred the bodies of
Richard & Elizabeth Trubshaw
of Little Haywood

He } departed this life { April 28—1745 } Aged { 56
She } Oct^r 9—1740 } { 53

They had Issue

Charles,—George—James—Richard & Elizabeth
of whom only the first and last survived
them.

This stone was laid at the expence
of his second wife Ann by whom
he left a daughter named Susannah.

NOTE. This stone was repaired by my Father in 1825. Richard Trubshaw was baptized May 5th, 1689,—I cannot find out where—see Extract from Ledger.

S. T.

On a Tablet on the South Wall *inside* Colwich Church.

To
the memory
of
Charles Trubshaw
who died
Dec^r 22nd 1772
Aged 56

Beneath
lie the remains of
Margaret the wife of
James Trubshaw
She died March 7th 1771
Aged 24

Also Richard their son
who died an infant.
James Trubshaw
died April 13th 1808
Aged 61 years

Elizabeth
his second wife
died May 12th 1824
Aged 71 years

In memory of
 James Trubshaw,
 Civil Engineer and Architect
 Late of Little Heywood in this Parish;
 a man of great natural ability,
 unswerving integrity,
 and unaffected Christian worth.

Many important Public Works
 in this and neighbouring Counties
 attest his Professional skill;
 and the unequalled Arch of the
 Grosvenor Bridge, over the Dee, at Chester,
 will long remain it is hoped as his enduring Monument.
 He died October 28—1853
 In the 77th year of his age,
 Extensively respected and deeply regretted.

Mary Trubshaw his Widow
 and faithful partner for nearly 53 years
 in the spirit of love, and of a sound mind,
 followed him to this resting place
 March 11th 1857 Aged 81.
 She was youngest daughter of Thomas & Mary Bott.

“Till I die, I will not remove mine integrity from me,
 my righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go; my
 heart shall not reproach me so long as I live”

Job. 27—5—6.

A tablet inside the Church bears the same inscription.

In memory of
 Thomas Trubshaw,
 Architect and F.S.A.
 eldest son of James
 and Mary Trubshaw
 of Little Haywood
 born April 4th 1802,
 died June 7th 1842.
 Married Ellen eldest
 daughter of Jeremiah
 Ginders of Ingestre,
 had issue James, Ellen,
 Thomas, and Mary, all
 of whom survived him

Underneath
 lie the remains of
 Elizabeth
 Relict of Thomas Tildesley,
 and daughter of
 Thomas & Mary Bott
 of Stone,
 who died July 3rd 1815
 Aged 42 years.

Also of Mary
 Relict of Thomas Bott
 of Stone,
 Who died May 28th 1826
 Aged 83 Years.

TO MY MOTHER ON HER 67TH BIRTHDAY.

January 8th, 1843.

Long may'st thou live to grace th' accustom'd place
 Where thou and I, in converse seated oft,
 Have gazed upon the fitful clouds and trac'd
 Angels and warriors in their outlines soft,
 Whilst domes and palaces before the eye
 Like flitting shadows quickly have pass'd by.

Is it some secret sympathy of soul
 That makes our thoughts and eyes agree to trace
 Outlines alike to both? Or is it that
 In every heart such forms may have a place?
 I know not,—yet sometimes it seems to me
 Thine eye alone with mine these things can see.

Long may'st thou live to grace th' accustom'd place
 Where at our early meal we sit us down,
 For ever is thy eye the first to greet
 With joy—affection—watchfulness—mine own,
 And many an eye more flashing there may be,
 But none so fill'd with love as thine for me.

And when these things unto the past belong,
 Ah! bright and lovely things, how fleeting they!
 May Memory bring them back with spell so strong
 And make them seem as things of yesterday;
 And Memory! a noble power thou hast,
 A charm is thine to purify the past.

The little cares—annoyances—that wait
 Upon the present,—in it have no share,
 Connected with the past and those we love,
 How pure is everything—how sweet—how fair,
 But oh ! may many a year roll smooth along
 Ere thy dear name does to the past belong !

S. T.

The late Rev. John Miller, Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, the writer of the following Memoir of my father, was a man held in the highest estimation by all who had the good fortune to be acquainted with him. Southey in "The Doctor" calls him "The thoughtful John Miller" and quotes a remarkably interesting passage from his Bampton Lectures, "which deserve," as he says, "to be side by side with those of the lamented Van Mildert," and Sir John Coleridge in his Memoir of Keble thus speaks of him—"I could not but love and honour him more and more the longer I knew him. But with Keble his relations were more close and from an earlier period as young men they had so much in common in their habits and characters, and in their simplicity of manner and original humour, that when thrown together they could not well escape an intimate friendship. This was the man between whom and Keble the closest communion of feelings and principles existed."

Memoir of Mr. James Trubshaw, C.E.

BY THE

REV. JOHN MILLER.

From the Obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, January, 1854.

“MR. JAMES TRUBSHAW, C.E.

“*Oct.* 28. At Little Heywood, Colwich, Staffordshire, aged 76, Mr. James Trubshaw, C.E.

“He was born at The Mount, Colwich, Feb. 13, 1777, and was therefore four years and a half senior to another very eminent member of the same Society (of Civil Engineers), whom in after-life he was proud to call his friend, and to whom he looked up with sincere respect and affection, the late George Stephenson, Esq. (see *Gent. Mag.* Oct. 1848), by whom, in turn, as also by his distinguished son, he was met, on all occasions of intercourse, with the most kind attention and courtesy. And here, it may be observed, that (allowing for individual diversities) there were many points of resemblance between that very remarkable man and himself, both in character and in career. Both were strictly men of original genius, of great natural talent, and persevering energy; both were of simple, open, manly bearing; both had been subjected to the discipline of actual work in younger days; and both were the makers of their own eventual reputations and

positions in life. It may be added that both were equally esteemed and respected, wherever known, as men of unblemished integrity. But it is not intended to run parallels where neither comparison nor contrast is needed, and where the celebrity of each rests on its own solid foundation. The points of resemblance have been alluded to only because they were fellow-labourers of the same generation, for the benefit of their country, in a common department ; and because in Mr. Trubshaw perhaps the last is gone of the old school of engineers, whose works will be handed down to posterity as records of intuitive genius combined with singular practical skill. For Mr. Trubshaw, like his great contemporary, had few advantages of education ; but in its stead he seemed to be gifted with an instinctive perception of all great mechanical principles, uniformly guided by excellent common sense.

“In earlier life his abilities became gradually known, chiefly within his own county, where he acquired the favour and esteem of many of its aristocracy. His first special patroness and friend was the then Mrs. Sneyd, of Ashcomb, to whom he himself always attributed his start in the world ; but throughout life he received unremitting encouragement and kindness (and even posthumously) from other members of that much respected family. The late Sir Thomas Cotton Sheppard and his father may be mentioned as other constant friends ; and, at a later day, Sir George Philips ; by all of whom his tried worth was consistently appreciated ; but his name was well known and esteemed through the county generally. At a later day Mr. Trubshaw became Engineer of the Trent and Mersey Canal Company, in which capacity his services and works were of the most valuable kind, whether in the way of construction, repair, or supervision. The various reservoirs, feeders, railways, and other works which he directed for that Company, bear equal witness, in one form or other, to his judicious management or able contrivance.

“As an architect Mr. Trubshaw was naturally without classic pretensions; but his designs were always cleverly arranged for purposes of convenience and comfort. It was, however, as a builder that his talents were most conspicuous. Among his domestic works in that department Ilam Hall, near Ashbourne, and Weston House, in Warwickshire (which he built for their respective owners after designs of Shaw and Blore), may be quoted as specimens of first-rate execution. In another line, by a bold and original conception of great simplicity withal, he accomplished a very remarkable work. The lofty tower of Wybunbury Church, Cheshire, had declined more than five feet from the perpendicular. At a small cost, and by no other process than that of carefully removing the earth on the higher side, by means of gouges adapted to the purpose, until the fabric above might gradually sink and settle by its own weight, Mr. Trubshaw restored the tower to its upright position, without damage to a single stone of the whole building.*

“In the outset of his career, however, his great fancy had been for bridges, and, as his earliest works of any magnitude were in that branch of art and science, so were his latest and greatest. Perhaps the ‘Grosvenor Bridge’ over the Dee, at Chester (so named by her present Majesty, then the Princess Victoria, at its formal opening in 1832), is, and will remain, his master-piece of ability. An elegant design for the structure had been produced

“* The compiler of this memoir feels himself little qualified to describe any mechanical process, but he conceives the work to have been accomplished as follows: supposing the inclination of the tower to have been from south to north (it matters not whether in fact it was so, or *vice versa*), a working trench was dug on the upper (or south) side, across the breadth of the tower, and from this trench the ground beneath, as far as to the northern foundations, was scooped out, and made a sort of colander, leaving solidity enough, as the work advanced, to resist sudden or violent pressure, yet inviting its gradual subsidence through the weakness caused by the perforations. Whether this, however, be a correct description or not, the fact is indisputably sure.

by the late Mr. Harrison, of that city, and its cleverness and beauty were readily acknowledged. To design, however, is sometimes easier than to execute; and where was to be found a man bold enough to undertake a work, which—if ever completed—was to stand unrivalled in the annals of bridge-building? A single arch was to be thrown across the river, of a span exceeding two hundred feet. Telford and other celebrated engineers had pronounced the feat almost impracticable; and the terms of contract alone, amounting to £36,000, were sufficiently formidable for a work attended with so many possible, yet undefinable hazards, at a day when the gigantic contracts of later time had not become familiar. Nevertheless, Mr. Trubshaw courageously undertook the work. It occupied six years in the completion; the first stone having been laid in Oct. 1827, and the bridge opened to the public in Dec. 1833. This was of course a term of great anxiety and of severe trial. The perils, both by land and water, were many and great. Demands were sometimes urgent, while supplies were necessarily dealt out with rigid caution by managers who could not afford to listen to pleas of indulgence; turns of adversity now and then ensued, and (as will ever be the case) there were not wanting some who looked upon the undertaking with adverse eyes, or worse, whom predictions of disappointment, or even less worthy considerations, forbade to sorrow for any prospect of failure. Thus he, on whom the responsibility rested, was more than once reduced to very disquieting straits. But he was no vain theorist or random pretender, neither had he calculated his resources loosely; and, after many a fluctuation of cloud and sunshine, bold enterprise and honest perseverance had their reward. The design was achieved in full; and one of the many wonders of this kingdom now remains for a lasting memorial (as is hoped) of the builder's comprehensive genius and sterling courage. The simplicity of construction in the centres of this great arch (an inven-

tion of which he was justly proud), and the mode of slackening them to bring the arch-stones to their respective bearings, drew forth great admiration from the members of the Society to which Mr. Trubshaw belonged, and by whom he was treated at all times with marked respect. A model of the bridge and centres (with some others of interest) was presented by him to the Society, and a problem of no small importance has been solved in bridge architecture by the triumphant issue of this venturous and able work.

“Though it be to pass from a greater subject to a less, there are some details connected with a later work of Mr. Trubshaw (also of very considerable magnitude), so graphically characteristic of the man, that this record would be incomplete without a reference to them. This was, the erection of the new bridge, called the ‘Exeter Bridge,’ over the Derwent, at Derby. More than one disastrous flood occurred in course of its progress, involving damage obviously fatal to all but the credit of the high-spirited contractor, then on the shady side of threescore years and ten. And now comes the characteristic evidence just referred to, as shown on occasion of a public dinner given at Derby, in celebration of the opening of this bridge in October, 1850. The health of the builder having been proposed in complimentary and very feeling terms, with an illusion to his ill fortune in the foregoing respect, coupled with good wishes for ‘all the enjoyment which intelligence and integrity could give to an old man in the last days of his life,’ Mr. Trubshaw replied in terms worthy of being recorded, as a specimen of what may be sincerely called ‘unadorned eloquence.’ ‘I am much pleased (he said) that my conduct has met with your approbation. I have been in the habit of thinking all my life, but not of talking much ; and if the bridge which has been opened to-day will carry us all well over, I shall be much gratified. With respect to the cost, it has never given me much trouble. When I was assailed by sudden floods, and by quicksands in the middle of the

river, I soon found out where my profits would be. However, I have paid—or shall pay in the course of a few days—all the expenses incurred; and I shall then burn the accounts, and think no more about them. I thank the Mayor, in particular, and the gentlemen present, for the civility and kindness I have received during the progress of the work, and I hope the bridge will do credit to my memory when I am no more.’ The line in the play forcibly occurs here—

“Was ever tale
With a more gallant modesty rehearsed?”

“Mr. Trubshaw’s age and comparatively failing health after this period forbade him attempting a further work, to which allusion had been made, and which was at the time under serious consideration—namely, of erecting a monument to Mr. George Stephenson, to consist of ‘a single stone which should be several feet longer than Cleopatra’s Needle.’ The project was gravely entertained, and he himself was sanguine as to its feasibility; nor did his peculiar skill in the construction and application of machinery for all building purposes leave much room for doubt that his combined genius and energy would have brought the scheme to a successful issue, had it been actually taken in hand, and life been spared to him. His ingenuity in surmounting difficulties of such kind as would have been involved, had been very conspicuously shown in the erection of a column at Ramsgate, commemorative of the landing of George IV. in 1821, of which he had undertaken the direction at request of Mr. Shaw, to whom his abilities had become at that time experimentally known.

“In social life, Mr. Trubshaw was cheerful and friendly; abhorrent from every sort of affectation or pretence; and ready at all times to communicate his valuable ideas and stores of practical information. Order was a great feature of his mind, in all ways; and he was carefully deferential to those of higher degree with

whom he conversed, without any tincture of servility. It may be added with truth, that, as an employer, no master could ever have taken more thought and pains to render to all their dues—as well to those who served him, as to those whom he served. His guiding principle—on either side, and all his life through—was a single-hearted uprightness. As respected the just claims of workmen, his own early experience had made him a highly competent judge; and so great was his anxiety to do them justice always, that, at an early period of his business—which he commenced at Stone, with very slender resources—neither he nor his estimable wife would ever allow themselves any indulgence, until the workmen's wages and all trade debts had been made secure. Many, at that time, were the long and weary walks he undertook in collecting his own dues for such purposes; and greatly distressing was it to both, whenever those exertions happened to prove unsuccessful at the moment. And other like traits of honesty might be adduced in abundance, did such mere personal anecdotes properly belong to such general outline of character as the present.

“In person, Mr. Trubshaw was of a commanding figure, tall and athletic, as may be judged in part from the somewhat singular fact of his having been one of seven brothers, whose aggregate height was over 41 feet. He was married on the 21st Jan. 1801, to Mary, youngest daughter of Thomas and Mary Bott, of Stone, who survives him, and with whom he truly found and shared, during a term of more than half a century, ‘that mutual society, help, and comfort, which the one ought to have of the other in married life, both in prosperity and adversity.’ A more thoroughly united pair cannot have been often met with. Forty-four years of their happy union were spent at Little Heywood, where he settled in 1809, and where they had the satisfaction of receiving from friends, in 1851, some little memorials of their wedded jubilee. Three sons and three daughters, of whom five remain, were the issue of the

marriage: his eldest son, Thomas, an architect of considerable promise, died prematurely in 1842. His eldest daughter is the wife of Thomas Johnson, Esq., Architect, of Lichfield.

“It is pleasant to add, that Mr. Trubshaw eventually realized a handsome independence, although moderate in proportion to the extent of his labours and unfailing industry. He died calmly, after a short actual illness, and was buried in the churchyard of Colwich on the 4th of November last, having died, as he had lived, a faithful and humble member of the Church of England. His death occasioned deep sorrow, and received, in his own and immediate neighbourhood, that highest testimony of sincere regret—namely, of being felt as a private and personal loss in many houses beyond the circle of his own family.”



Remarks on Church Architecture,

BY THE

REV. J. L. PETIT, M.A.

Page 47, vol. 2.

“Of the very few modern Churches I have myself seen, that might really take a place among those of our Ancestors, one of the most pleasing is in the form of a Cross, though not having a Central Tower; a slender turret, octagonal at the top, and crowned with a spire, occupies a very good situation between the transept and nave. The Church I mean is at Brereton, near Rugeley, in Staffordshire. Its position is excellent, as it forms the central point of a rich landscape, whether viewed from the Lichfield road, or from the high ground about Beaudesert. The gables are of a very pleasing elevation; and the proportions, both of the body and steeple, are admirable.” (*See page 25.*)

